This ſeen, the laughing *Cupid* ſwift withdrew,
From *Albion* ſoar'd, and back to *Cyprus* flew.
Arriv'd, he told his mighty Triumphs won;
And *Venus*, pleas'd, embrac'd her lawrel'd Son.
Concord! (ſhe ſaid) awhile my Palace leave,
'Tis thine for each a roſie Crown to weave.
Hymen! with ſpeed the ſacred Torch prepare,
And ſhed thy Influence o'er the Illuſtrious Pair.
Britannia's Welfare is my great Deſign,
Be they then Fruitful in a num'rous Line.
Hence let new Patriots glorioufly aſpire
To rival the juſt Merits of their Sire.
Let blooming Nymphs with their bright Mother vie,
And learn proud Heroes, yet unborn, to Sigh.

FINIS.

21-e
15.116
No. 3.
3.d.10.

1490 f. 4.

ROBIN-HOOD

AND THE

DUKE of *LANCASTER.*

A

BALLAD.

To the TUNE of

The Abbot of Canterbury.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBERTS in *Warwick Lane:* And Sold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter.* 1727. (Price 4 *d.*)

ROBIN-HOOD

AND THE

DUKE of LANCASTER.

A

BALLAD.

25 59

ROBIN-HOOD

AND THE

DUKE of *LANCASTER.*

A

BALLAD.

To the TUNE of

The Abbot of Canterbury.

I.

COME liſten, my Friends, to a Story ſo new,
In the Days of King *John*, in twelve hundred and two,
How the bold little Duke, of the fair *Lancaſhire*,
Came to ſpeak to the King like a brave Cavalier.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

II.

In a trice he was got to the good King's Abode,
The Horſe in a Froth, on which the Duke rode;
Tho' the Steed had gallop'd full three Miles from Home,
Not ſo much at the Mouth as the Rider did foam.

Derry down, &c.

III.

The Gate it did ſhake when he knock'd at the Door,
As his Hands they did tremble with Anger full ſore,
And a Meſſage of Haſte his Words did beſpeak,
Till the Paint, red before, waxed blue on his Cheek.

Derry down, &c.

IV.

Quoth the Porter, who is it that dares be ſo bold,
As to ſtun the fair Gate of our Liege's Freehold?
Quoth the Duke, *I am come ſome Truth to report.*
O ho! quoth the Porter ----- *You're juſt come to Court.*

Derry down, &c.

V.

He toſs'd up his Chin, and a Roll did advance
Of Parchment, I ween, inſtead of an Lance:
Lo here is the Statute we made ſuch a Strife for.
Said the Porter, Lord Sir, ---- *It ſeemeth all Cypher.*

Derry down, &c.

VI.

Then up the high Steps the ſhort Duke he did ſtride;
His Stride ſo gigantick, his Stature bely'd
Quoth he, *as a Peer, I will free my good Liege*
From the Vermin and Earwigs his Grace that beſiege.

Derry down, &c.

VII.

The Yeoman cry'd Stand ---- Quoth the Duke *I'm a Peer,*
And I bring a good Statute of Parliament here;
Be the King where he can, I may viſit him ſtill.
This was paſs'd in the laſt of the Conqueror Will.

Derry down, &c.

VIII.

He found his good Grace juſt a trimming his Beard,
By the Hands of a Dwarf whom he lately had rear'd:
The Duke was beginning his Speech in great Wrath;
Says the King to the Dwarf, *This is nothing but Froth.*

Derry down, &c.

IX.

My good Liege, quoth the Duke, *You are groſsly abuſed*
By Knaves far and near, by your Grace kindly uſed;
There's your Keeper ſo crafty, call'd Bold Robin Hood,
Keeps us all but himſelf, my good Liege, in a Wood.

Derry down, &c.

X.

He riſeth, e'er Day-break, to kill your fat Deer,
And never calls me to partake of the Cheer.
For Shoulders and Umbles, and other good Fees,
He ſays, for your Uſe, he locks up with his Keys.

Derry down, &c.

IX.

As I'm learnt in the Law, This is Robbing direct,
As appears by the 1ſt *of* KING WILL. VII. SECT.
Beſides what is yours, Sir, is ours — and then
He's a Felon, *d'ye ſee, by the* 2d *of* HEN.

Derry down, &c.

XII.

What is worſe, he will make HARRY GAMBOL *a Keeper,*
And the Plot ev'ry Day is laid deeper and deeper,
Shou'd he bring him once in, your Court wou'd grow thinner,
For inſtead of a St. — *he wou'd bring in a Sinner.*

Derry down, &c.